

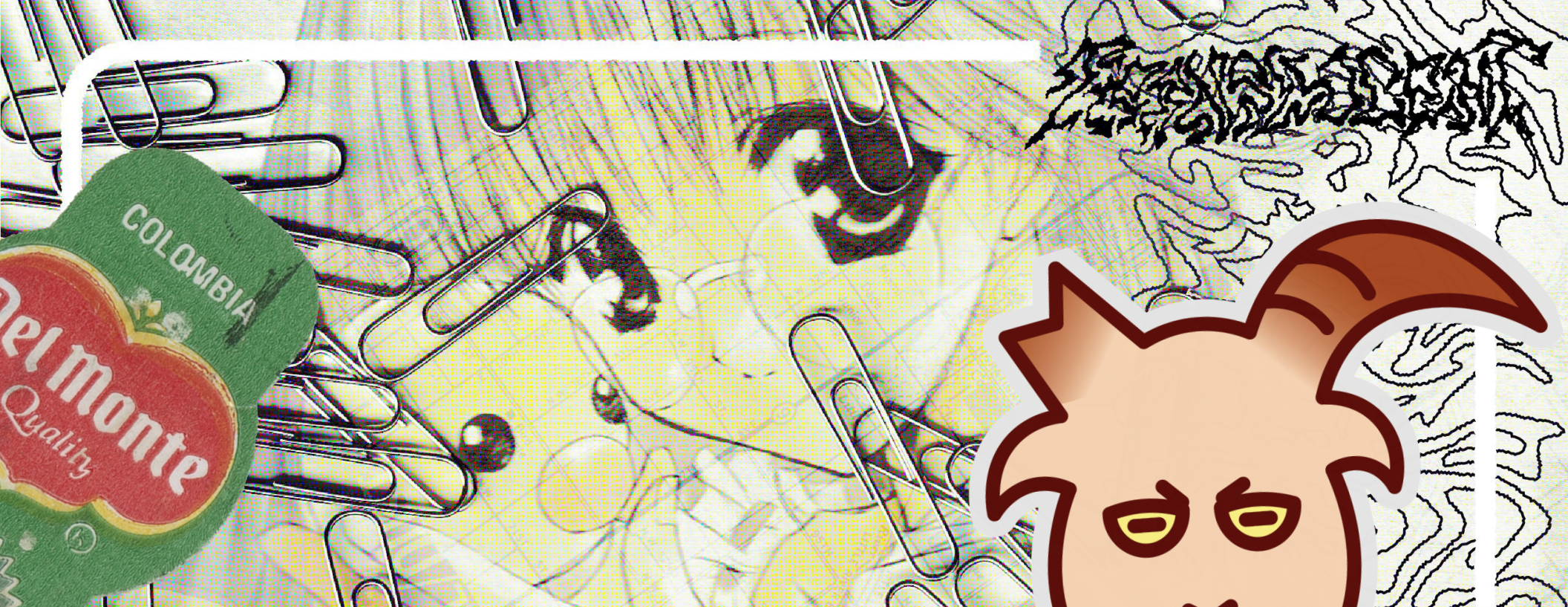
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Newport

THE ZINE FILLED  
WITH WONDER  
AND LOVE





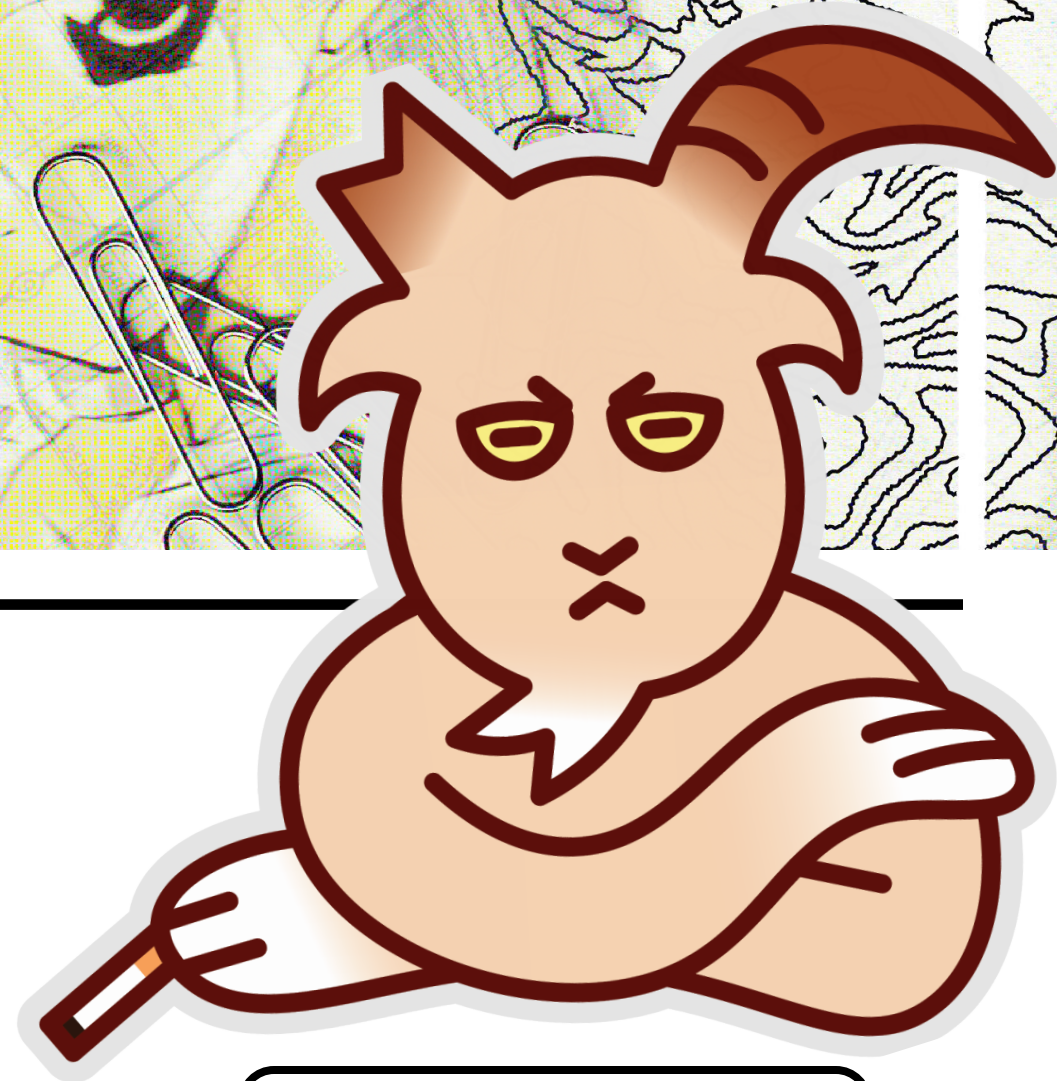
## WELCOME READER.

HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF SICKLY THING. I AM NOT ALL THAT IMPORTANT IM JUST AN EDITOR, A VESSEL FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S STORIES, ARTISTIC EXPRESSION AND OTHER ODDITIES.

I HOPE YOU RECIEVE THIS ZINE WITH AN OPEN MIND, READY TO EXPERIENCE WHATEVER IT IS THAT IS IN STORE FOR YOU. I HOPE TO BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS, FIND SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH OTHERS, READ SOMETHING THAT YOU'LL BE THINKING ABOUT HOURS AFTER FIRST CONSUMING IT. I AM IN THE BUSINESS OF MAKING PEOPLE THINK OF OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK. MAKING YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE NOT ALONE

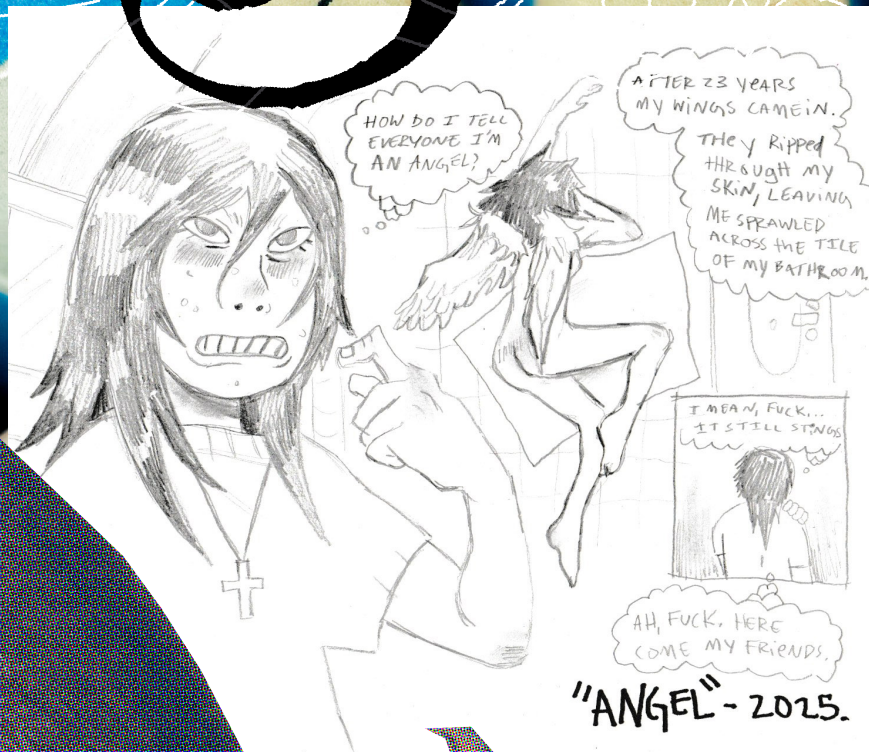
ON THIS BIG GREEN EARTH, AND THAT YOU TOO, HAVE A VOICE AND THINGS TO SHARE. FIND SOMETHING TO LOVE, AND INSPIRE CREATION WITHIN YOURSELF.

WHERE EVER THIS PIECE OF PAPER ENDS UP - WETHER THAT'S, ON THE BOTTOM OF SOMEONE'S SHOE, HANGING OFF THE RIM OF A TRASH CAN, DANGLING OFF THE BRANCHES OF TREES OR STUFFED TO THE BOTTOM OF A BAG TO BE BENT AND SHREDDED TO PIECES BEYOND RECOGNITION. I HOPE THAT WHAT IS IN HERE REACHES SOMEONE, INSPIRES SOMEONE, UNDERSTANDS SOMEONE AND STARTS SOMEONE ON A PATH OF TRUE CREATION.

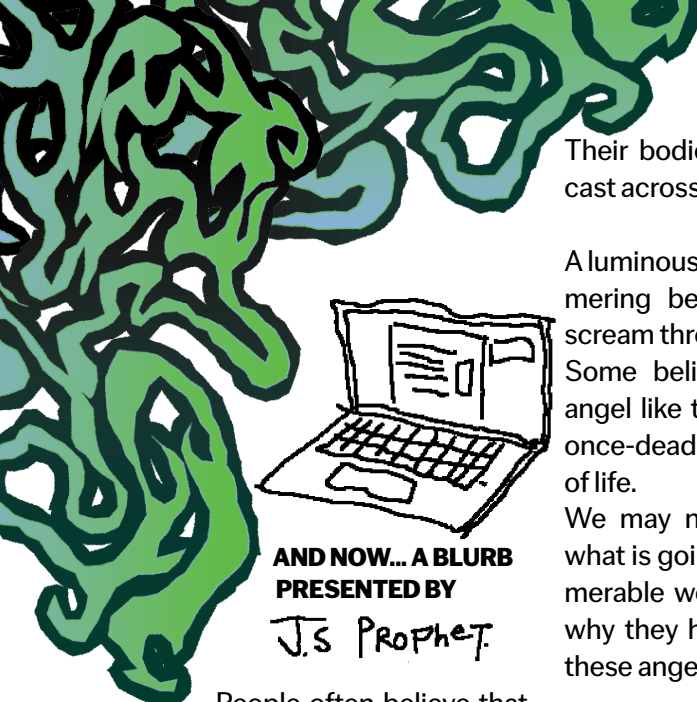


**HOPE YOU LIKE WHAT  
YOU SEE....**









**AND NOW... A BLURB  
PRESENTED BY**

**J.S. Prophet.**

People often believe that beyond the cusp of our Solar system there is a great nothing that permeates interstellar space.

Though beyond the termination shock is an unmappable expanse of debris from the primordial ages of the system. Enough mass to create several new systems and some.

The only concrete evidence we have of its existence are the fallen angels that peel away from its heavens.

In the light of our sun, they melt. Fragile beings they are. Much too sensitive for even the faintest of dayglows that warm the inner Solar system.

Their bodies are torn asunder, cast across space.

A luminous tail, streaming, glimmering behind them as they scream through the void.

Some believe that it was an angel like this that blessed our once-dead world with the gift of life.

We may never know for sure what is going on up in the innumerable worlds of the Oort, or why they had decided to send these angels to us.

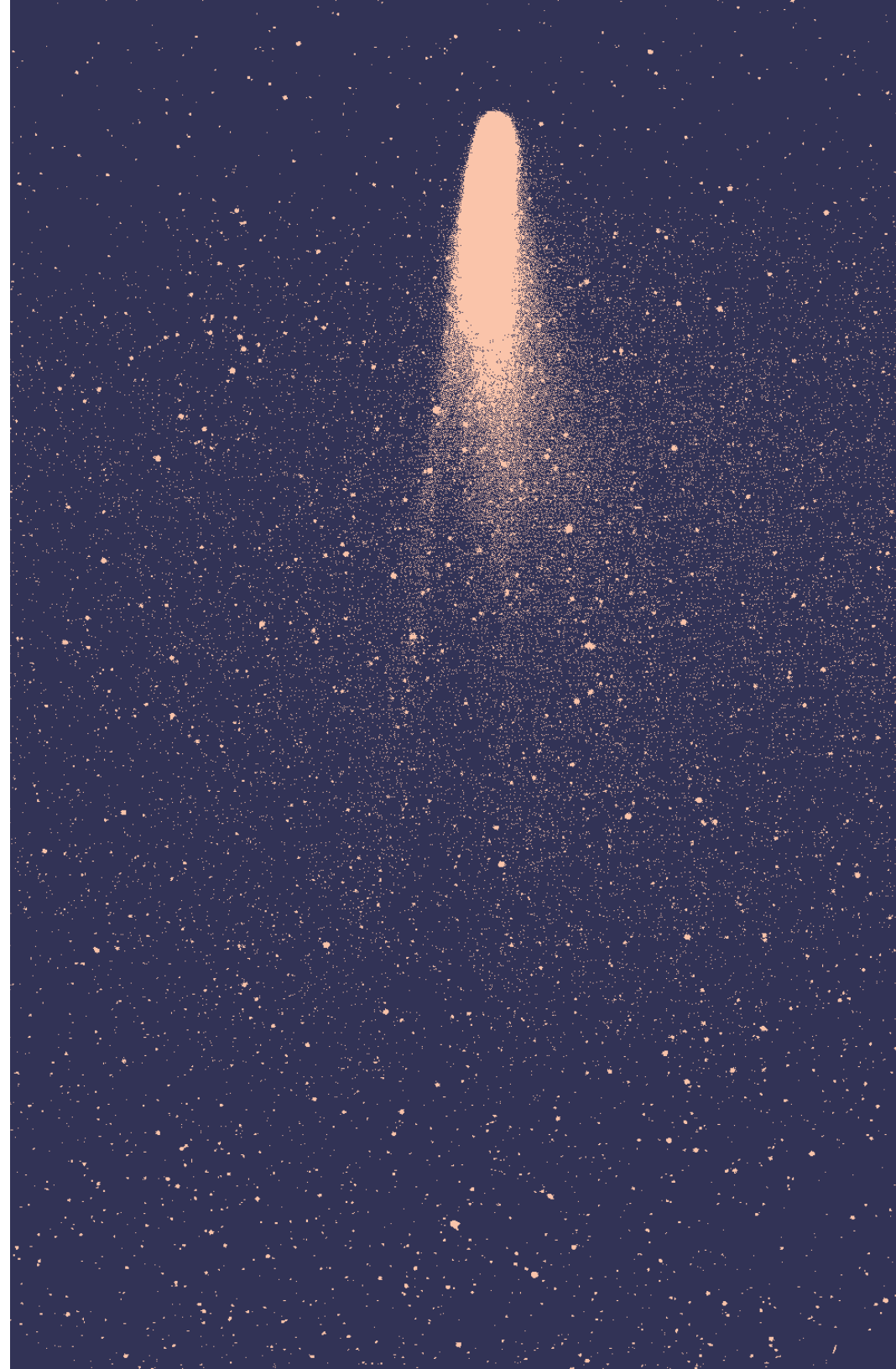
Maybe they were sent here with a mission, or maybe cast away like exiles.

In any case, we have them to thank for bringing us the warm gift of life in a universe that seems so, so cold.

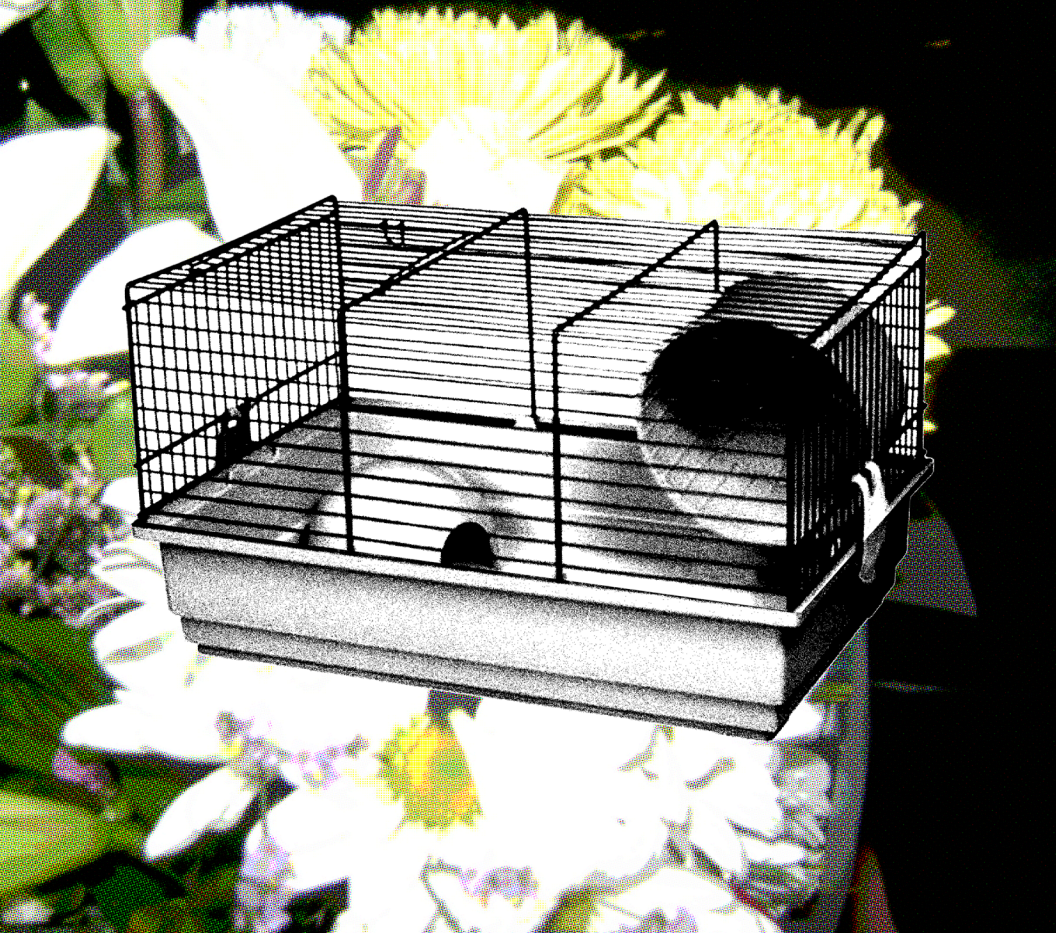
**They still visit every  
now and again.**

Maybe next time they come around, we can appreciate them just a little bit more.

**THANK YOU  
FOR READING**







It's endless. Stuff your face, eat all you'd like- it's the year of the glutton. Selfishness is human, down and down and down. Gather your resources, carry it all in your arms, come back for the some that fell through your grip, now scattered across the floor. It's all yours, take it, as much as you can now- don't sweat it, you keep what you earn. My jaw aches from all that I have been eating, my fingers cramp from all that I consume and

my eyes burn from staring at what I want for so long. Why rip through this sack of comfort I've built around myself, why change when the water bowl is so close and my food gets changed throughout the day?

I drink from the metal teet assigned to me and breathe my allotted air, what else is there to seek? A life where I am seen? A life spent caring and supporting others?

A life filled with experiences and joy, spent seeking relationships and building connections? Oh, I crave that more than anything, but to bite the iron hand that feeds me seems fruitless. I know that time for me is a circle, and any time spent away from the cage I carefully constructed for myself will be made up for in the quiet hours of the night, when my hands are bored and when my eyes are sunken. I wish to have that freedom so badly, to create for myself and for others, to stand up for everything I believe in.

To voice my frustrations, not through passing glances and small discussions, but on a soapbox with a megaphone. The more I eat, the less I care for the taste and sustenance that my food provides me, the thought grows in my mind. I could be doing more, we could all be doing more. I want to do more. This gluttony, it produces regret and inaction, it buckles my knees at the thought of change, and leaves me as a husk with a lingering stench of lost potential.

**STUFF  
YOUR  
FACE, EAT  
ALL YOU'D  
LIKE, THE  
FOOD IS  
TASTELESS  
BUT  
IT'S COST-  
ING YOU  
EVERY-  
THING.**

